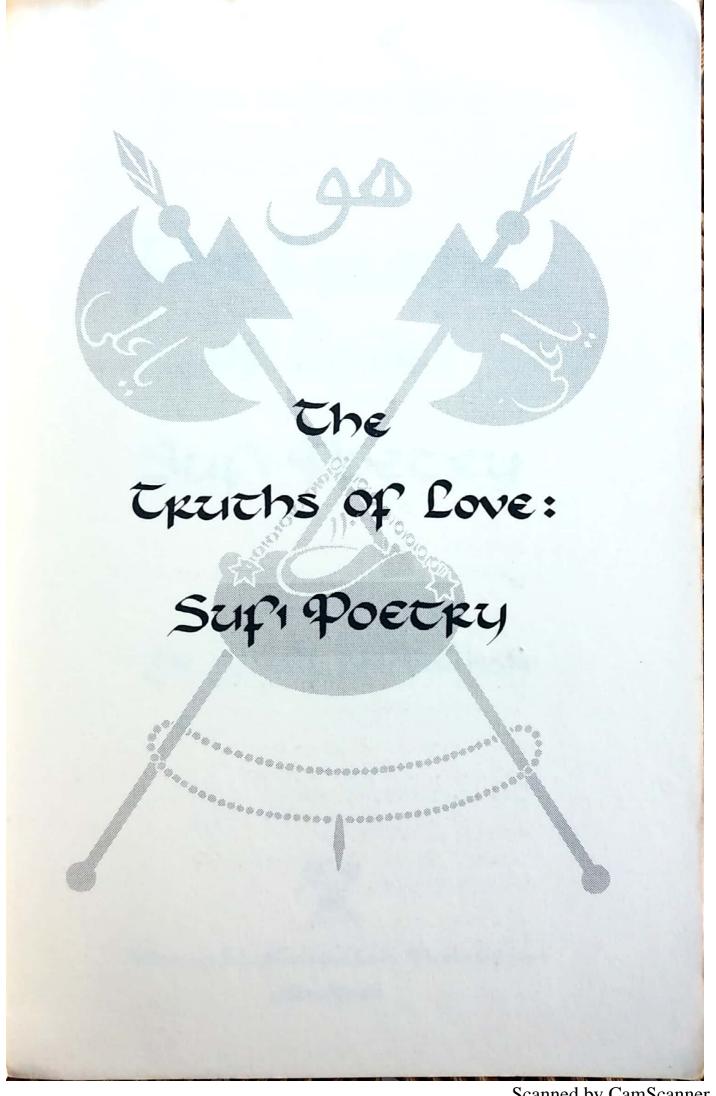


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The Truths
of Cove:
Suft Poetry

Dr. Javad Nurbakhsh



Khapiqahi-Nimatullahi Publications New York

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Khanigahi Nimatullahi Publications 306 West 11th Street New York, New York 10014

English Calligraphy by Hajar Rossi Cover Design by Shari DeMiskey

ISBN 0-933546-08-4

printed in the united states of america

حفّا إلى المحبّة في في منابِق الوحب لأ

این ندبهب بود که خواسم سوست درون دل خدارا از با دبریم خویش و مرکز نامش نرود زیاد با را دل فدارا دل فی نئود زدوست فافل از باد نمی برد و فا را دوق است کم آوردارادت درداست کم بی دهرصفا را ای درد بما ن خدا حکیم است در مان مطلب خدا کریم است

This is our religion: in perpetual prayer To call God within the heart;

To efface ourselves from thought But never forget His name;

Hearts never heedless of the Friend, Fidelity always impressed in memory.

Spiritual savour brings devotion; Suffering bestoms purity.

Suffering, stay!
God 10 physician enough.
Seek not a cure:
He 10 Merciful.

ای فرد علی حی فبوم بالا نر از آنچه برزبانها از نو دل عاشفان براراج ما فاریکر مستنی روانها ما مندوی نوشدعیان به بردور در مجرخود بوخت جان ها در می درای به فلک درفنان ها درای به فلک درفنان ها بردم به لیکسس دیگر آئی و دل ربائی

Exalted, Ever-Living, Self-subsistent Unity, Transcending all tongues' expression!

You knyage the hearts of Lovers And despoil the life of the soul.

Your dark Indian mole recurs in every age, Consuming our souls like aloes in its censor.

The cries of may takens slain in your district Penetrate perpetually into the highest heaven.

> Every instant you appear anew, Dressed in another garment, Driving us mad And ravishing our hearts.

بی تا بی دل ممر ندانی کزناز دهی یکیوان تاب بیشت بروده دینم سیمانه شدم دکرز هرباب افغا ده زراه و رمبروی دور در بحر میگره برکرداب با فره بخوش درباب با فره بخوش درباب درست می به کردا به درباب با فره بخوش درباب در

Can you not fathom the heart's disquiet That you twist Your braids so coquettishly?

Your bark eyes have way Laid my faith. I stand: a stranger at every door.

From way and wayfaker I have fallen, Abrift in a whirlpool in this ocean of bewilderment.

Either seize what life is left to me, Or rescue me -- the drowned of Your ocean.

> You enthrall my heart, Then bid me wait To Languish in Love Ulthout impatience?

ای مفی شهر طعنه کم زن ، را که خرابی است کمت ا با ی خرد بسی بحب شند در کمیش تورسم خود برستی است در محد تونی بست فرم مطلب بربندلب از کزاف کوئی در محد تونیت فهم مطلب مرغ دل ا که زفته بر با د باشد به سرسس برای صبیا د O mulla of the city, so not criticize us. Do not say our school is corrupt.

Many have sought us with the foot of the intellect, But could not find our path.

Your religion is self-worship; For us the way is selflessness.

CLose your Lips to empty chatterThis matter Lies beyond your comprehension.

The bird of our heart Has plown to the wind, Usarning and searching For the Divine Hunter. کفنم که چو آیند زدایم زنگار دل زبرای روست

اعکس زخت درآن تاید

دیم که خیال خام با شد

مرا دست جیاب من دینا به مرا در دینار

ویکر نبرم طمع به دیدار

چندا که فی است جارهٔ کار

This I ckied: "For the sake of your visage,
I will burnish the rust from my heart's mirror,

So within it your replection may be cast And I will be ready to converse with you."

What upripe thoughts these were! What mirror? What seeking?

The mirror itself was my veil! Abourd and vain was my yearning for you.

> No Longer will I cover The vision of Your face... For in annihilation Alone Lies the answer.

دین برده زکف برگفر زلفش آن دلبر شوخ د نمائن برست میند چو حریف برای پاستان کند نگیروش دست آوخ که به زخم تیر مرگان بستار قلوب عاشقا خست بی شرط به او شدیم سیم ه را مگر از خودی براند وز مهمتی خوش وا رهاند That brazen thief, that heart-stealing Beloved, With His unholy curls has stolen my religion.

Any supi He sees selpless and unattached -- He opeaks his legs, out takes not his hand.

O the countless Lovers' hearts pierced By the barts of Love flung from His eyelashes!

Unconditionally, we have suppendented ourselves to Him,
Forsaking our hearts, offering up our souls.

Perhaps you prom ourselves
He will finally take us
And set us free
From our self-existence.

ردرکه دل سینمای دو سینمای در سینمای

By the heart's threshold I will sit, O Friend, Hallowing its knins with Your name.

I will trace the image of Your visage upon my heart, Until I clearly see You established there.

I will call out Your name again and again
Until Your message is proclaimed from my heart's <u>ka'ea</u>.

In the heart's shade, close beside you, With purity, I will drain down your ever-flowing wine:

All this will I bo
Until I kuin the house of my heart
And gamele all my being
Away on Your path.

دری است کے اربلائ عقت بردی نوبہ است نافعث مردی نوبہ است نافعث در دعوی نو بر است نافعث در دعوی نو بر است نافعث در دعوی نو زخو د کذشتیم در دعوی نوبہ است نافعث نالث میر مدیث دو ندائیم مالی آید بہ جر کار فیلو فالی میں مالی میں کردار کر تاکمت مالی

Through the grace of Your Cove's tribulations, Cong ago, we were preed from the trials of the world.

Though truly we long for You, You are the inspirer of our yearning.

We have passed from self on Your behalf, For there was no one else who mattered.

Ask us no more about trivialities, O mulla: We are deap to all out the Beloved's tales.

Ah, what is the use Of discussion and debate?
Abandon us to the ecstasy Of our inner states.

ای دل تو به علم خود چه نازی بشدار که بهت عقی منهاج تا یار نهد به آمشتی سر شرط است که اومن بهی باج علمت به سربسر شود عین مرحمت تی تو رو د به تاراج دیدار میکرد دست میشر ناغیر ز دل نیازی اخراج دیدار میکرد دست میشر درخانهٔ دوست کست میکند

O heart! How concertebly you pride yourself in your knowledge!
Beware! Only in Love Lies the true way.

Only when you give up "I and we" in tribute Will the Beloved Lay down His head in reconciliation.

Only ruhen your existence is plundered unto vision.

Never will you see the Beloved Until you expell all out Him from the heart.

In the heart of the sea,
A chip of wood cannot remain.
Into the Beloved's abode,
No self can enter.

فرن است میان گانوندل با آن که نموده آروکل جج آن صرف نموده نحو محوی وابن حرف ادا کندز مخرج اصرار چر سود آرعی را کا سرار نداند وکمن دیج محویای صراط مستقیم ا دارم عجب اینکه میرود کچ تا دیده بود به دید ایول در بیش شود شود مطل What a vast difference Lies between those who circle the Heart within And those who circle the House without.1

Annihilation of self is the way of the former. the latter endeavor to correct pronunciation.

Why persist in arguing with such false precenders? Unaware of the mysteries, they will always remain obstinate.

If they propess to pollow "the Straight Path", Why do they go so astray?

> As Long as their eyes See Souble, They will Lack True vision.

¹Citerally, "who make the pilgrimmage to clay and water." The reference here is to the <u>ka'ba</u> in Mecca (TR.).

Behind both <u>takiqat</u> (Suri path) and <u>shakia't</u> (keligious law) The <u>haqiqat</u> (Reality) alone stands as the aim.

To these eyes of ours that see only Unity, Nothing out the Friend is manifest.

Ask not about news of "others"
From the one who has no news of himself.

No trace at all remains of that one Who has browned in the sea of <u>rana</u>!

God alone abides Eternally subsistent --Sufficient, if you but Possess a heart.

Annihilation (tr.).

اصلاح کمان کحب نواند آنکو که نخرده خولت اصلاح بیند نگارخولیش در ه آنیم برا سے طق صباح مود تو به قدر آئی نسب سیوده مکن زاد انجاح مقصود تواز تو میسبردن فغل تو تراست نیز مقاح درخود از صفا نفر کن درخود از صفا نفر کن برکعب مرکب روی او نظر کن

How can someone who is unkerokined Ever advise or report others?

Replected in us they see their own image, Since we are a Lamp for all men.

Since your profit is in proportion to your capacity, Lessen your vain insistence.

Your goal is not outside yourself.
In your own Locked being Lies the key.

In purity, journey within Away from self,
And gaze upon the <u>ka'ea</u>
Of His face.

را غارحاب فول کردیم نامت که نکار شد طبح نود را به صفائکت در دیم که بود قدح ، مح جندانکه شدیم در میم که بود قدح ، مح مطبح ، نقطهٔ او بیم سلم و حید که مای کفتکو میت بیدارس کی مای کفتکو میت بیدارس کی میم کشورین بیدارس کی میم کشورین بیدارس کی میم کشورین بیدارس کی میم کشورونی کشورونی بیدارس کی میم کشورونی کشو

When the closed the account of the self, We saw that only the Beloved mattered.

Which purity, we routed ourselves, Until our heart's struggle ended in victory.

When we turned against ourselves, Blame for us became praise.

Ulith the eye of Unity, we saw His point In all aspects of line, plane, and volume.

> Here all words cease, Talk draws to a halt--Here where it is evident That no one but Him exists.

ارخود بطلب کل مرادت آیند چوبس بی به بهرناخ در بنیخ عنی نرم می باش آبود نود حریف ک خ تونمش جفا نخورده ای ، آه! آونومش و فا ندیده ای ، واخ! آنکو که بهوای دوست دارد کیان براو است کوخ!کاخ به برماکه رود مکان شق است به برمونکرد نان شق است Seek the Rose of your desire from yourself! How Long shall you dart from Branch to Bough Like a Mightingale?

Gield: Be pliant in the Grip of Cove For the impudent Lover is destroyed!

Never have you endured the sting of Cove's cruelty, Nor savored its fidelity and kindness.

Palaces and hovels are equal in the eyes Of one who yearns for the Friend:

> Uherever he goes Is the home of Cove. Uherever he Looks, He sees Cove's sign.

دنیا طلب ازبرای دنیا آمدنی باز ماز مازد زاهدنود به دهرسکیم آمنی بهنت وحور نازد محاهی به نماز ناز دارد وقتی بهنت وحور نازد از هردوجهان رمیده ایم نایار چه برده ای نوازد چندان که اسپردلفیاریم از غیرت عنی شهریاریم The seeker of the world for its own sake Will ever be preoccupied with its fautasies.

The ascetic will not resign himself to his fortune: Flustered and restless, he hurries to the hereafter.

Sometimes he takes pride in his prayers.

Sometimes he takes pleasure in heaven and its houris.

But we have pled from both worlds, Awaiting whatever melody the Beloved will play.

> Though like captives we are shackled By the curl of the Beloved, Through Cove's jealousy, We are sovereigns.

زاهد به نماز ، حورخواهد ارازنیاز ، اوست مقصود کندار که مست کرین دانند اخواست نموده ایم مردود از مندار که مست کرین دانند از باخت بر ندمفلسان مود نامود شد مرکه حریف نروعفش آابنکه نیاخت خود نیامود آور برست سافی در مرتند بافی در مرتند بافی

Ascetics seek houris through prayers. In humble entreaty, we besire Him alone.

Cet those who deny us know We have rejected ourselves.

Jadore this gamble of Cove, For the Louily and impoverished profit by their Loss.

Whoever was a player of His Cove's backgammon Never rested until he bet himself away.

As Long as the dice still koll
From the palm of the Cupbeaker,
The Lovers will lie stranded
In an impasse of wonder.

Sheshbar: an inextricable position in backgammon when a player's piece is blocked by six consecutive points held by his opponent (tr.).

نا فامهٔ عنی منبئی کرد شدعربی به کار کاغذ چندانگه چست معجرندار زابن حادثه روزگار کاغذ پایان ترسکید دفترعنی برصفحهٔ صد هزار کاغذ دیدیم به اعتبار عاشی بر ادست اعتبار کاغذ تا عنی نمود خامه راست از غیرسن خود نوشنه راشست Before the quill of Love was set in motion, Our Lives were spent in paperwork.

Page after page turned black, Like separation's somber hight, from time's events,

And still the Book of Love did not reach its end Though a hundred thousand pages were covered.

Measured by the Lover's worth, paper's value Seemed insignificant, like so many Leaves in the wind.

When Cove made clear
The quill's weakness,
In Jealousy 15 washed away
Whatever had been written.

بر دفعه رخی دکر نماید آن دلبرفتنه جوی عیار بردم دل دین برد بسکل غار نگر زیرکان بهتیار بردفعه دوای نازه ای را سنجوز کست دبرای بیمار بر بار دکان دیگری را ست زوبه بوای برخردار برخردار برخود می برخود شدی در ای می کند جور نا می می کند جور نا می می کند دور نا می می کند دور

Every moment, that thieving, RIOT-CAUSING BELOVED DISPLAYS ANEW ANOTHER FACE.

He is the Despoiler of the clever some ones, Ravaging, with each operath, religion and hearts.

He prescribes a fresh cure for each patient, Another remedy for every occasion.

Each mustant, He opens another shop Fox the sake of a new customer:

His stock is infinite,
Uith wakes of every kind,
All so that our self-existence
Be driven from us.

گفتم که چو وصل صاصل آید دربر دربر دربر دربر او فاجفا عجب میت آن که رود به بحر از بر مشمول فراز و شیب فی از بر این راز خوشی که در نظر بود کردم به نهرار شوق از بر این راز خوشی که در نظر بود به و با به کویم آن با بار نوش براب ارزویم

This did I vow: "once Union is attained Not a moment will I Leave the Beloved!"

Do not wonder if on the way of fidelity

Tokment is found before you reach the Beloved's side.

Water, plowing to the sea, Must seek its way through hills and valleys.

Such a Lovely secret I always envisioned And memorized with a thousand joys:

But when the Friend set Foot within my quarter, My desires vanished Like images on water. بیارسخن رغن نفست و زعشق نکرده ایم آغاز ای عقق منزهی زوسیف و مفت نوبمین بود به ایجاز غیراز تو ما دا نوسک بیان این راز می کر تو خدا کند خدا کی این براز این کر است اعجاز؟ ما موسس که ام او بهفتن ما موسس که ام او بهفتن بهتر بود از دیجه گفتن

Despite the many tales we have told of Love, Still we have not taken even the first step.

O Cove! You transcend all description: Such, in brief, is the only way to describe You.

Only You, O Cove, know Yourself: Such a mystery Lies beyond our exegesis.

Through You, God manifests His divinity! What miracle could ever surpass this?

> Silence! Shrouding Cove's name Excells by far Any word of praise.

ای عنی بیا که جان فدایت ای عقل تواز میانه برخیر ای ست تی بزم عنی باری برکن قدحی زباده کبربر آب کنم این طلب ملا را در نوبه کنم مدام برببر ای مرخر نیز این دخود خر نیافند می در نیز این در خود خر نیافند برخر به خود خریعتی است برخر به خود خریعتی است برخر به خود خریعتی است برزیم کربرگریعتی است برزیم کربرگریعتی است

Cove! Come! I will sacrifice my soul to You, Reason, rise and depart!

O Cupbeaker, constant servant at the banquet of Cove, Come, pour us a cup overflowing with wine!

Thus may I shatter this talisman "Ca," LAND REFRAIN FOREVER FROM FURTHER REPENTANCE.

That one, bekeft and unawake of self,
Is unconscious of everything other than God:

In all his Labors,
He acts by Cove.
And from Cove
Come all his manners.

This refers to the Muslim profession of faith (shahadah): <u>Ca illaha il'(Allah</u> ("There is no god, but God"), in which one negates the existence of all forms of divinity but the (Absolute with the word "La", meaning "no" (tk.).

ا را همه مرح مست! شد از دولت و سنج و اعتبار انفاس انواع برون شدیم و رفتیم از دولت و سنج و اجناس کستیم و دولت می دند کاک و نناس کستیم و دولت می در دولت می دولت می دولت کاک می دولت کاک می دولت کاک می دولت باشد می دولت باشد می دولت باشد می دولت باشد می دولت باشد

All that we have derives solely From the exalted aspiration and standing of the saints.

From this myriad multiplicity we have emerged Through the grace of the Friend into the realm of the Universal.

Heartbound in Love, pocused solely upon His benevolent face,
We have broken our attachments to all creatures.

Drunk beyond all bounds, the Lovers See satin and sackcloth without distinction.

That one who Lives
Enamored of the Friend
Is a total stranger to
Both shell and substance.

دریای وجود عارفان میح هم دامن باک اولیا را هم دامن باک اولیا را کافی است را همین اشارا عری گذرانده ای بعضلت کر در دبود نرا دکر بسس مردانه حریف بزم ما باسس ازخود مجریز و با خدا باسس The ocean of the gnostic's being Can never be tainted by a mere chip of wood.

And the saint's pure Robes Are never touched by any dark-hearted one.

This allusion alone should suffice of your heart.

You have passed a lifetime in forgetfulness.

If you now feel pain-- then enough of this pegligence:

Join our assembly Like a man, Flee from yourself And be with Bod. ردیس رای دوست باشد عالم بود از برای دروش بندان که خدای خوریش دروش بندان که خدای خوریش خدا را کن خده به خاک بی دروش بست بود و کن سجده به خاک بی دروش خی گفت فاینما تولوا زیرا بهرها است جای دروس در وش کفت فاینما تولوا زیرا بهرها است جای دروس در وشن کر خدا نباشد در و کشت کرا و جدا نباشد

The supi lives for the Beloved, The world exists for the supi.

Although the God of people is out an idol, We saw that the suri's deity was truly God.

If you yearn to bow down before god with certainty, Abase yourself in the dust at the sufi's feet.

Since the sufi's place is everywhere, God declared, "Wherever you turn is My face."

> If the sufi Is not himself Gob, No boust he is not Apart from Gob.

منان توایم ویم بلاست دغن نومرکه مصطرب شد را و دا نبود به عقل تؤلش باغنی نومرکه شد برینان بشکست طلیم نهب ویش آری دل دین مجست عاش نامی زا بیافت درخویش عنی است جودین نیمب خی عنی است جودین نیمب خی We yearn for You, and for Your tokment too. For us, Your stings are but salve.

Whoever Your Cove bazes and harries
Is never disturbed by reason's commotion.

One ruho is ruitless, dishevelled by Your Love, Shatters the talisman of religion and creed.

No Lover ever sought after heart or religion Without first discovering Your Cove within.

Since Love is the true Religion and way, Upon it God continually Bestows His splendor. در لک اون و محبت سرایه کار است اخلاص مرصد ق به کارغی ناید صدق است عام اکنها صدی است عام اکنها می کردیم به تن چوجا مه صدق در کر ولاست یم غواص در و فتی صدق باشد موجودی اغتبار اشخاص در و فتی ومنی مدت مروبی نفی ومنی ناکار نیفتدت به بانی

In devotion's dominion, in the Land of Cove, Our sole stock and capital is being sincere.

Only sincerity succeeds in Love; By sincerity are the common turned into the elect.

When we cloaked ourselves in sincerity's garb, We became divers in the ocean of Cove.

In the Ledger of Cove, sincerity alone Provides the Balance for our credit.

Step not without sincerity into Love And its drunken belikium Lest your work fall Into debasement and degradation. مردان خرا به برلماسی بوکت نرا دبهت نشخیص رو جاره در دخویشن کن در نظر نو عیب آید ای سالک و ترااست فقیص اورا این است برام ا به مخیص باخویش ساورا این است برام ا به مخیص باخویش میاش دوا د در دی جو میکذار دوا د در دی جو میکذر ز مراد د مرد می جو

Whatever your gare or disguise, the men of God Will always recognize you.

Bo! Seek a remedy for your own pain. The grace of the Merciful is reserved for the elect.

O wayfakek, as long as you see imperfection, You, yourself, will kemain imperfect.

Be without self, Be with Him--This, in Brief, is our sim.

> Forget remedies; Pursue pain! Abandon desires; Seek a Man of God!

اداکه به جرخدای بهیج است دارد چه نیجه جرد نیونش اطالب دردمند خود را سازی به کوی دوست کولش چون صدق نباشش جرحال بهرجند کست دکر نیونش در بزم محبتند کیان از ناه و کداکه نیست تبعیش ازاکه زصدق می زند دم سازیم به راز عنق محرم For us, to whom everything but God is nothing, How fruitless is this debate over fatalism and freewill.

Those seekers afflicted with the pain He bestows, We incite toward the district of the Beloved.

For those without sincerity, what does it matter If every now and then we change their remembrance.

In Love's banquet, beggar and king are equal. For there no discrimination remains.

That one who speaks
In true sincerity
We make a confidant
Of the mysteries of Love.

روعلت فیض خود زخود جوی معدور نه ای کداد است فایض میان ازل مکن فراموس آن را برجفا ساش آفض محدود تو غود تو نی ندانی کسیست چونو ترامعارض میراز تو به دمرمکلی میست و مرح خوا بی از دیرهٔ ۱ و ببین میمای

Go! Seek contraction's causes within yourself!
That He is "the Contractor" boes not excuse you.

Do not porget the ancient covenant. Let not your evil mak its verity.

Yourself you envy, but do not know, No foe 12 there more obdurate than yourself.

You have no problem in the world but yourself. It is you alone who obscures things.

Cook not upon yourself,
For then you tuill see
Chrough His eyes
All things as they truly are?

A reference to the Quranic passage (VII:172) in which all humanity, in an unborn spiritual condition, is said to have been asked by God: "Am I not your lord?", to which they unanimously replied: "Ues!" (Tr.).

A reference to the <u>hadith</u> (prophetic tradition) in which Mohammad supplicates, "O God, show me all things as they truly are." (tr.)

عائن نبود حب المنتوق کس مبت میان آن دورابط رونبض خودی برآب و صد میوی و بگیر نقد باسط کندر زنوئی ببین که اوئی اندیشه مکن زحدوابط در سبر به اوج آدمیت بیم است نوی زفرب قط بسکس از کرکیدهٔ ی به مفهود میدان که دمی نیاید آمولا

The Lover is not separate from the BeLoved. Between the two, no other mediates.

Assuage the contracted straits of selfhood

Unity's water, and seize the currency of expansion.

Pass beyond yourself; see that you are He.
Do not imagine there are any intermediate steps.

In ascending to the apogee of humanity, Still there is the fear you will fall from Nearness.

> So until you have attained To the final destination, You must not kest For even a moment.

Why do people advise me about Love? Here the work concerns only the heart.

"To be a Lover," they said, "you have to possess nothing." But it was not so, though conditions still held.

This Heart is a goblet in which the world lies revealed, Not a mere piece of flesh.

Though they describe the heart in great detail, Not one of its secrets have they ever explained.

> Only the possessor of a heart, With full awareness, Could ever exclaim, "I have a time with God...."

With the eyes of selfhood, you cannot see Him. For His features are guarded by Him alone.

Not until you exadicate this "I" and "we" Will you sense any joy from Him.

The Lover says all without speaking, For Love is beyond enunciation.

Not every headless fool is a Lover who has reached applibilation.

Such is a principle to be kept in mind.

So bo not seize the Robe
Of every turetched beggar,
Or devote yourself to one
Ulho to his own self is devoted.

جان قول بلی سنیدوشنید زم رقب، و پند داغط زان بود بر روز در روز در محافظ کم شد دل چوبی رول شد بخمود بخمود بخمود بخم موابهی لاخط رفیم و زا بماند باقی افلان عنی با به حافظ رفیم و زا بماند باقی در آید تا بو مافظ و با نوست دیگران در آید افلان عنی ربیم سرد ا

The soul Listened to the word, "Jes!,"

Not to the rival's rebuke or preacher's counsel.

That is tuly, day and night, it now stands watchful, Like a Lover, over the secret of the heart's Beloved.

Our heart was Lost when its Beloved gazed With the eye of "He is the ALL-Seeing."

We have gone and Like Hapez Of us there remains only the tale of Love,

Until the turn
Of others comes,
Bringing with it the tale
Of another Cove.

See Note #1, poem 29 (tk.)

از المسل خرد شدیم نفرن با المسل مجموع المراد شدیم نفرن مرفوع المرح حدیث عنی مسموع المراب عنی مسموع المراب عنی کنت منصوب شده به المراب عنی آمد و رخت به المل عنی آمد و مفرک مند مفلوع شده و شهرار دل سند المراب موی خود خرد مجل سند از دعوی خود خرد مجل سند

We have parted from the people of the intellect And joined the company of Love.

When Love's tale was told to us, We recited a requiem for ourselves.

When Cove's banner was unfurled, Intellect's standard was case down.

Truth appived, overthrowing falsehood. 1 Cove appived, unseating the intellect.

Cove came to peign Over the heart's realm. Intellect in shame repented, Forsaking its claim.

¹ A translation of the Quran, XVII: 81 (tr.)

م مستم بری از انجه باشد از ۱ به زبان طق نایع از ندمب ۱ مپرسس دیگر می باشس کیش نوبش قانع در مکنب عثی می باشس کیش نوبش قانع در مکنب عثی میت فائل نود به غیر سامع از ست یه از می باشد شاند آن در خوالی خورسی به نود جزخیالی برخوبش و میست به نود جزخیالی برخوبش و میست به نود جزخیالی

We are beyond whatever people say about us.

Question us no more which faith we profess; Be content with your own.

Ju Cove's school only the One subsists; The speaker is no other than the Listener.

That shadow rue once cast now is traceless, Effaced in the sunlight of His visage.

Shadow? What shadow?

Ut was but a fantasy

Which in ignorance

Imagined itself real.

نوان به فعای و نور دخت ادل نود دغیر فارغ بسر کر طفل عنی بالند بست می باید بست می باید بست می باید بست می دوست می باید بسی دو در برای درکمت می باید بسیده و برای درکمت می باید بسیده و برای درکمت می باید بسیده بری به محمد ان درکمت کردند درکمت کردند

Not until your heart becomes empty of "others" Will you be able to turn toward Him.

How many elders are but infants in Cove!
How many youths have been made masters by Cove.

ONLy the Beloved can paint one With the hue of being a lover.

Many fortunes have been spent in vain, Attempting to prepare that color.

Cifetimes they wasted,
Vacillating and wavering,
And in the end we meheld
They had mut painted themselves.

ا او نو آ زخویش رسیم می می می از این کال فارغ ای بین از این کال فارغ ای بین از این کال فارغ داریم نظر به خوبردیان کیک نظر در فضال فارغ فالمی مهد طالب خیالند ایم از این خیال فارغ ایم و جنون وغن وسی می ایم و جنون وغن وسی می ایم و جنون و فید خود برسی

When the became liberated from self by remembrance of You,
We became liberated from all chatter and debate.

O mulla, if these are your attainments, Then we are tree from them.

We Look upon the faces of the Beautiful, But have no concern for down, mole, or curl.

The people of the world pursue out fantasies. We are tree from all such illusion.

Filled with madness, Drunkenness and Cove, We are strangers To the bonds of self-worship. جربل برای ضدمت به جائی که کشنصونیا صف برگونشس جرامیا حرام بست ورنه برکساع ابا و صدت ازعرش نند قدمیان کف خزد برکساع رفزف عنق کبرد زجهات اوج رفزف آن را که دکر طلب نباشد کاربیش به جرطرب نباشد Where Suris oit assembled, Babriel himself descends to serve.

To protane ears, the sound of tamborine And the tunes of Lute and sitar are forbidden.

Yet buring the <u>sama</u> of the Lovers of Unity, Even the angels in the empyrean clap along.

At the sound of <u>sama</u>, Love's winged steed² Soars beyond all dimension in Reality's sky.

For the one whose quest is over, Who has no desire,
Only the Business
Of joy remains.

Ciscening with the ear of the heart to music (poetry, melodies, khythmic harmonies), in the most profound sense, while being in a special state so deeply plunged in Love that there is no taint of self left within awareness. For additional information, see In the Tavern of Ruin, Chapter IV (tr.).

² Lit., Rafkaq, one of the creatures upon which Muhammad made his night-journey to God (tr.).

Uptil you come to know yourself, You will never know the Friend.

Try to find one who circles the heart; Many are the circlers of the ka'ba.

How will you wake to the Beloved, When you remain unawake of the heart?

Go! For God's sake, seek out the Friend: The secrets of words will not reveal Him.

> Notice the bot Placed among the Letters;¹ Now rest like that bot Secure upon a letter.

In the Arabic and Persian alphabets, one letter is often distinguished from another by the placement of a single dot (tr.).

مغوق به اچ بود شاق اینر به اوست ماش از روز ازل بی چو گفتیم ایدیم به عدخولس صادق این سنت بود که به ستیم موافق این سنت بود که به ستیم در نهر کمی طبیب طاذق انوکس که میست در د و از در نهر کمی طبیب طاذق ای میسان دکرخسد از ا

Because the Beloved yearned for us, We Likewise fell in Love with Him.

Since the moment we professed that fateful "Yes," To Love's covenant we have remained faithful.

Tolerance and agreement -- these are our customs. With every religion and every faith.

Alas, there is not in the city a single physician Whose skill can cure our pain.

For Gob's sake,
O precenders,
Question us no more
About our state.

Cf. Note #1, poem 29 (tk.).

ازخولس اراده ای نداریم اراده ای نداریم کردیم حاب خوبش مفروق ادر بی کار بار با خلق کردیم حاب خوبش مفروق دیم کردیم که مهرم بود سخی بود کردی که نه شدیم ناز نوبه کسند خلق توبه کردن که نوبه کسند می و برسند آنان که زربک و بوبرسند خور دندی وسیبونگستند

No will of our own exists any Longer. Our only wish: whatever the Beloved desires.

We have closed our accounts with all creatures For the sake of the Beloved's service.

Disençaced from creation, strangers to everyone, We saw that whatever existed was God.

Could they even conceive of our wine, People would repent from their repentance!

Those who became free
From fragrance and color
Drank down the wine
And smashed the pitcher.

Alas that the Lovers of the present time Are skeptical of their own Cove!

Of Love, only a fable remains, Yet this fable will never be abandoned.

Though the Lovers' amorous arook is diminished, Never will this burning passion be extinguished.

Cove, once captivator of hearts, In our times is but a captive.

We beheld in each era

Love was enslaved

That it planted

The sapling of Loving devotion.

آن را که زخود خبر نباشد از به کهی باشد شاک از خود خبر نباشد ورست از بود و زبان عام خاک خود خود خود خود نبای مام خاک خود غرفهٔ بحر عنی مرکز نبخود جراب و مدت دراک و برانهٔ در املاک و برانهٔ در املاک و برانهٔ در اول در ول خدا را مناویم که دل خوش است ه را

That one who is unconscious of self Can never fear another.

Applibilated from ourselves, we have been freed From the Losses and gains of this world of dust.

That one who is drowned in Love's ocean Sees only the water of Unity.

In the eyes of the Lover, a surecked heart Is sworth more than a thousand gardens and orchards.

We have God
In our heart
And delight
At the joy there.

آگی پی این و آن روانی کرغیر نند مراد عاصل برخبر و برون نداز ارادت میمایی به حرب کعب و دل ازخود بطلب برانج خوابی مامل نودیت بزار میکل مدکیج کران ترااست نیان میمان بازیج و بر گشته عائل مدکیج کران ترااست نیان بی در مستبویین مرات صفات و ایابین

How Long shall you go youk own way in quest of this and that?

Never from others will your aim be attained.

Step forward with devotion into the inner Sanctuary of the heart's ka'ba!

Pursue within yourself what you want And so dissolve your ten-thousand dilemmas.

A hundred treasures Lie hidden within you, Yet this temporal playground has veiled your sight.

> Gaze upon the ocean's breadth Contained within a pitcher, And Look in the mirror Of His essence and attributes.¹

^{1.}e., how the heart is contained by God (tr.).

آن برکه نخونی از محبّت جانی سخی گزاف ی دل نوست دوستی مردانی جزواب فیالان ای ل فاشن نبود موای معنوق گرآید کشت معاف ی ل معنوق محبوب چوش موجود کرمانحت می دید محب معاف ی ک کست موج زبحر شد بویدا کست موج زبحر شد بویدا

Better to say nothing at all of Love, O Heart, For even a word would be useless.

What do you know of Loving-kindness, O HEART, Except vain fantaby and idle dreams?

When the mirror becomes polished, O Heart, Between "Beloved" and "Lover", all distinction will disappear.

When the Beloved reveals Himself, O Heart, The Lover will become paught but the Beloved.

Within the sea's swells
A wave surged up,
Cried: "No force or power exists but
in God!,"
Then returned to the ocean.

This is a shortened form of an Arabic formula commonly repeated by Moslems and recommended by the Prophet: "No force or power exists but in God, the All-High, the Tremendous." It is employed especially upon occasions when God manifests His invisible power through events (ed.).

ناری او شدیم سرمت رستیم زکربیس و مم کم نوسیم مام درد دردش ارا نبود بخز غشاعت آن دم که به با د دوست باشیم دانیم بسی غیمت آن دم از جذبهٔ بار و ثبوتی دیدار دادیم به عنی بهردو عالم جائی که ز با ومن نبان بود ویدیم که عنی را زبان بود When our heads were sent reeling by His wine, We found freedom from the thought of gain and Loss.

Unceasingly we imbibe the bregs of His pain. Our only Longing is Longing for Him.

Each breath that we remember the Friend We regard as a Godsend.

Through the Beloved's attraction and our longing to see Him,
We suppended both worlds to Cove.

We saw that where Crace 15 Left Of "I" and "Chou" Cove 15 served the Less.

^{1.}e., our Longing for Him (tk.).

خواهی که خدای را بعنی گذارزخود برون کی کام انگر برس به است اعظم کزخویش فرامنت شود نام کوکر می و کوجنون و منی کرنیست زاده خالیت جام رو دام مند به راه مردم سودی نبری زدانه ودام صیاد مباسس صیاد مباسس صیدی باش بیدار زبند و قید می باشس

If you want to see God, Take a step outside yourself.

You shall attain to the "Greatest Name" Once you forget your own name.

If your cup 15 not drained of wine, Where 15 your warmth, drunkenness and Divine 145241TY?

Go, set no more traps on the path of men. No profit is gained from bait and share.

Become prey,
Not predator!
Watch out for the fetters
(And tangles all about you!

 No more shall I speak of separation Since such is the Beloved's preference.

That union achieved by my own desire Will never resolve my heart's quandary.

Never shall I submit to any "other", Though Cove's flames consume my very soul.

I am ill, and my Beloved is the physician, Whether in union or separation, pain or health.

> Do not express your opinion About the game of Cove, For Cove 13 No game.

ا را کست محل مجون از داره عنل رفت برون المرجو به دور نفطه عنی از داره عنل رفت برون دیم که عقل خود بات آن را که نموده عنی مغون دیم که عقل خود بوش در بازی عنی نمین میون در ساحت عنی جای دارد در ساحت عنی جای دارد خود باخت و فدای دارد

To those who Look with the intellect's eyes, We, followers of Love, appear mad.

When Cove's point began to kevolve, The intellect quit the circle.

We saw that the intellect was dumpfounded Before the one bewitched by Love.

That sly soul which wagers all it owns Is always the winner in Cove's play.

His place is set firmly On Cove's portal, Self-squandered, yet Filled with God. ای کعب بنود مناز ا را دلدار عیان بود به هرکو لب برلب بر نا نها دیم ماکن چومث دیم با محرک طاحت نبود دکر نکا بو ارا سر مخفکو نامث به با زا سخنکو نامرد خودی زخود نکانیم دیدیم دکر جزاد نمانیم Do not celebrate yourself so much, O ka'ba For the see the Beloved in every district.

With our lips placed firmly upon the Beloved's, Braid and curl no Longer entice us.

MotionLess in the embrace of the Prime-Mover, We yearn no Longer to make more quests.

Nor does concern for discussion remain: The Friend for us is spokesman.

> When we shook off from ourselves The dust of selfhood, We saw that nothing Remained of us but Him.

برخبر د بیا به محفل ا بسمین و طرف برم اثو با د درسس کمیر حامی فارخ زخیال اروی شو چون غنج بنور بسیج دیگر می نوش دیچکل زنویش و اثو پس دامن خو د رکف باکن با د صبا هم آسن اثو آیا که زرنک و بو شوی دور میرور با فای خویشس مرور Rise! Step into our circle; Sit as a companion at our banquet:

Take goblet in hand with remembrance of His visage. Tree yourself from the fantasy of "other than Him".

Cease tuisting about yourself like an unkipe Bud.

Drain down this tuine and flower-like, blossom away

from self.

Relinquish your hold on the hem of selfhood's robes. Become the companion of the early morning breeze...

Until you find yourself far
From both color and fragrance
And become joyful
In your own annihilation.

بر مرج نظرکم عیا است از دی نوشت دراون از منی نوم در نهان چر بیدا با تی همه خوابی و فیا نه در دیر و کلیسیا و مسجد معبود تواین و آن بهانه در کنج دل المل دل نجستند بر کنج تو سمی مهری نیکانه در نعل لب تو قند باشد در نعل لب تو قند باشد با نی مهست رشخد باشد

Upon whatever I gaze, I behold the 1 mage Of Your fair face manifested.

Whether hidden or revealed, you are all. The rest 15 But fable and dream.

You are the One adoped within every mosque, Cathedral or monastery: all are but pretexts.

The people of the heakt found nothing.
In their heakts but the treasure of You, unique pearl.

On Your Ruby Lips -Pure sweethess:
ALL the Rest
Is nonsense.

رستنم کتاب دلبرودل رستنم رحرف رمره دراه از که زنویس آگری میت از از نو بیت نیز آگاه آزا که زنویس آگری میت سکانه بود ز مهر و بهم ه ادام به بید روز و شیت بود کمی عافقی شاه اراچ به عنی باده بیم به کمی عافقی شاه بر از منگر که بی سب بهم در کور دل امیروش بهم

We have shut tight the book of heart and Beloved, Transcended all talk of wayfarers and ways.

He who has no awareness of himself Us also unaware of soth "you" and "me".

He who has gone beyond day and might Us a stranger to both sun and moon.

Because the the slaves of Love, We have become sovereigns in Love's realm.

Do not regard
Our Lack of soldiers,
For we are princes
In the bominion of the heart.

ماغرب کن میرود بازی براد کی دی تو بهتی ای بخوری وخود نبازی براد کی دی تو بهتی ای بی بی ادب بین رواناشد برختی برستی بستی برستی برستی در برک تو بم خلاف کردی و برک تو بم خلاف کردی خود را زوفامعاف کردی

Smash the goblet! Throw down the pitcher! How Long will you remain drunk at Love's banquet?

How will you ever cast your self-existence to the wind If you drink wine but never cample yourself away?

O you without manners! Reaching out your hand Is not permitted at the table of purity.

If you have abandoned idolatky, From where do all these idols of yours come?

Do you not see
That you have transgressed
And excused yourself
From faith and fidelity?

از ابه جمال نان محونید اراست نان بی ن بی و در مرکسیر کوی عنفش چندی به زان بی زانی ا دوست زدیم سالها می شاه به مکان بی مکانی مرکبی و در این است و برخبر و میاست در میاز میان ایر در ایدت به خان ایر در ایدت به خانه ایر در ایدت به خانه

Cook for no trace of us in the world: Our only trace is tracelessness.

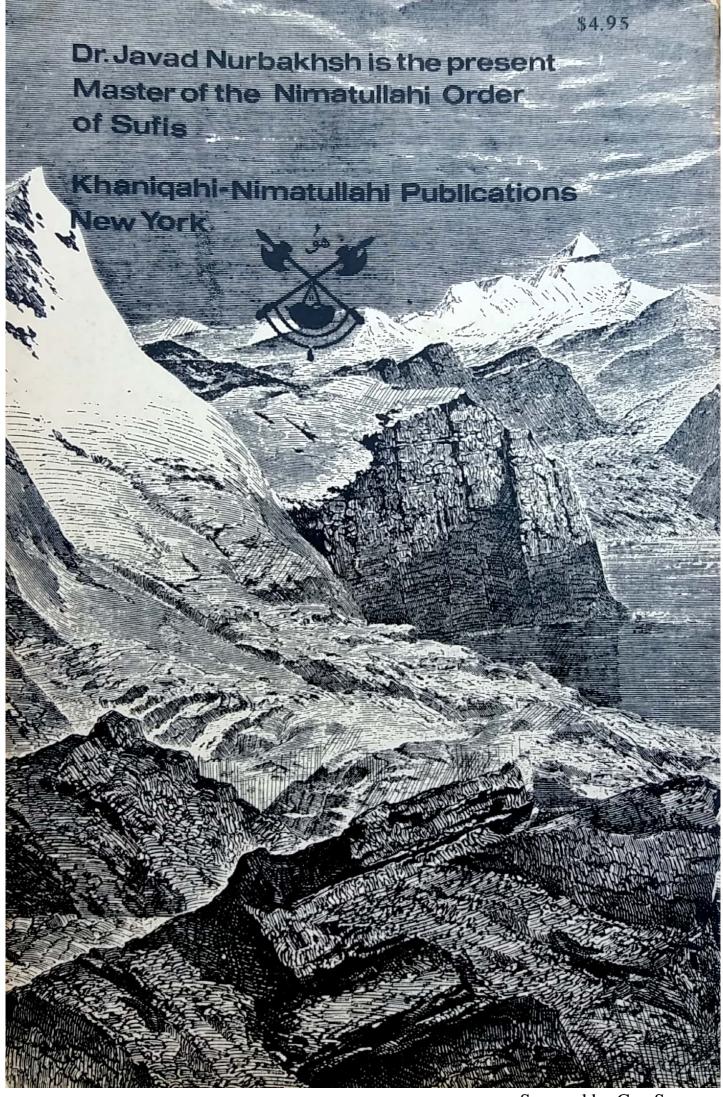
We lived authle in His quarter,
Prisoners of Cove in a time of timelessness.

For years, we drank wine with the Beloved In a place of placelessness.

Since all speech in silence ceases, Listen to the speech of speechlessness.

Rise! Do not stay
In the middle!
Step from self, so the Beloved
May enter your house.

Translated by Leonard Lewisohn Edited by William C. Chittick



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